*Haſt.* His grace lookes cheerefully and ſmooth to day,
Theres ſome conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with ſuch a ſpirit,
I thinke there is neuer a man in Chriſtendome,
That can leſſer hide his loue or hate then he:
For by his face ſtraight ſhall you know his heart.
*Dar.* What of his heart perceiue you in his face,
By any likelihood he ſhewed to day?
*Haſt.* Marry, that with no man here he is offended,
For if he were, he would haue ſhewne it in his face.
*Dar.* I pray God he be not, I ſay.

*Enter Gloſter.*

*Glo.* I pray you all, what do they deſerue
That do conſpire my death with diuelliſh plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that haue preuailed
Vpon my body with their helliſh charmes?
*Haſt.* The tender loue I beare your grace my Lord,
Makes me moſt forward in this noble preſence,
To doome the offenders whatſoeuer they be:
I ſay my Lord they haue deſerued death.
*Glo.* Then be your eyes the witneſſe of this ill,
See how I am bewitcht, behold mine arme
Is like a blaſted ſapling withered vp.
This is that *Edwards* wife, that monſtrous witch,
Conſorted with that harlot ſtrumpet *Shore*,
That by their witchcrafts thus haue marked me.
*Haſt.* If they haue done this thing my graciour Lord.
*Glo.* If thou *Protector* of this damned ſtrumpet,
Telſt thou me of iffs? thou art a traitor.
Off with his head. Now by Saint Paul,
I will not dine to day I ſweare,
Vntill I ſee the ſame, ſome ſee it done:
The reſt that loue me, come and follow me. *Exeunt, manet*
*Haſt.* Wo, wo, for *England*, not a whit for me. *Ca. with Haſt.*
For I too fond might haue preuented this:
*Stanley* did dreame the boare did race his helme,
But I diſdaind it, and did ſcorne to flie,
Three times to day my footecloth horſe did ſtumble,
And ſtartled when he lookt vpon the Tower,





As loth to beare me to the ſlaughter-houſe.
Oh, now I want the Prieſt that ſpake to me,
I now repent I told the Purſiuant,
As twere triumphing at mine enemies,
How they at *Pomfret* bloodily were butcherd,
And I my ſelfe ſecure in grace and fauour:
Oh Margaret, Margaret: now thy heauie curſe
Is lightned on poore *Haſtings* wretched head.
*Cat.* Diſpatch my Lord, the Duke would be at din
Make a ſhort ſhrift, he longs to ſee your head.
*Haſt.* O momentary ſtate of worldly men,
Which we more hunt for, then for the grace of heau
Who builds his hopes in aire of your faire lookes,
Liues like a drunken Sayler on a maſt,
Ready with euery nod to tumble downe
Into fatall bowels of the deepe.
Come leade me to the blocke, beare him my head,
They ſmile at me, that ſhortly ſhall be dead.

*Enter Duke of Gloſter and Buckingham in armo*

*Glo.* Come couſen, canſt thou quake & change thy
Murther thy breath in middle of a word,
And then begin againe and ſtop againe,
As if thou wert diſtraught and mad with terror.
*Buc.* Tut feare not me.
I can counterfeit the deepe Tragedian,
Speake, and looke backe, and prie on euery ſide:
Intending deepe ſuſpition, gaſtly lookes
Are at my ſeruice like inforced ſmiles,
And both are readie in their offices
To grace my ſtratagems. *Enter Maior*
*Glo.* Here comes the Maior.
*Buc.* Let me alone to entertaine him. Lord Maio
*Glo.* Looke to the drawbridge there.
*Buc.* The reaſon we haue ſent for you.
*Glo.* *Catesby* ouerlooke the walles.
*Buc.* Harke, I heare a drumme.
*Glo.* Looke backe, defend thee, here are enemies
*Buc* God and our innocencie defend vs.
*Glo.* O, O, be quiet, it is *Catesby*.